

breakpoint

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Category: Halo  
Language: English  
Status: In-Progress  
Published: 2014-05-16 16:10:02  
Updated: 2014-05-16 16:10:02  
Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:01:11  
Rating: T  
Chapters: 1  
Words: 3,740  
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net  
Summary: a battle in halo

breakpoint

\*\* Chapter 1: designation: gwydion\*\*

\*\* mission: breakpoint\*\*

\*\* classification: back to wall \*\*

I commanded little respect all my life. People always hated me. I wasn't good at much. Except computers. Where I came from though computer were useless. My own parents didn't even like me. So I joined the army trying to make something of myself. people always seemed to be at peace around me I never understood how. It was something that I wanted to be. All my life growing up I tried so hard to copy that. But it never worked. Now it my first spartan mission. I hope it helps me some way to be...at peace. with my self.

Our armor was check and there was little more we could do than wait for the pelican to settle down. Our four man team waited patiently. There was me , gwydion, not my real name but my code name. Soulful, pedal, and dock, they all had code names no sense in letting the enemy know our name. Soulful was the leader with pedal in second. Me and dock were new addition to the squad. Me and dock were friends even before military duty. We went in together and train together The pelican rumbled as we moved slowly. The light above us flicked on to red indicating to get ready. I heard the sound of soulful battle rifle click as he checked the magazine. Dock's sniper rifle made a loud clack as he pulled back the bolt of the rifle.

Pedal's SAW jostled in his arm as he cradled it. I checked my assault rifle earlier so I didn't need to check it again. The light turned to yellow. All of us stood up. Our genetically enhanced muscles were cramped from sitting. Spartans weren't meant to be cooped up for so long. A shudder was felt through the floor of the pelican. \_Covies must have some heavy firepower.\_ I thought to myself. The light then

flicked green. everything went to hell. The door opened faster than I thought it would. I found myself being pushed out of the pelican by pedal. He was yelling something but I couldn't hear him over the roar of gun and plasma fire that was raining down. I looked to see what kind of terrain we were fighting in.

the place was a valley. Stone walls were on both side preventing us from escaping. Not that Spartans were the type to retreat. The area we were put down in gave a whole new meaning to back to the wall. What few soldier and spartans were left had taken refuge in the rocks and boulders on a gentle slope that rose to become a solid stone wall. The slope gave us a slight advantage. We had plenty of cover and ammo. That wasn't the threat though. Covies pushed us hard. I took all this in a matter of seconds. Right when my boots hit the ground we were already darting for cover. Plasma was literally raining on our position. The other squad weren't doing any better. We had to fight the covenant off some how. Right now that meant using a lot of bullets. Pedal was emptying his clip into a squad of rushing elites. Half their numbers fell before they decided to fall back. A grunt ran forward in a attempt to strengthen a arrowhead. Soulful dropped him with one burst from his BR before picking a jackal that was pinning a nearby squad. Another burst later the jackal was no longer a problem. He kept picking out target and dealing with them. Dock was doing the same but at a further distance. 100 meter away I saw a elites head explode. And the a jackal that was next to him only a second later.

I shouldered my rifle and let loose a stream of bullets towards a groups of grunts that had opened fire on our position. All except two fell to the ground and never got back up. The two that were left ran to hide before soulful killed one and pedal shot the other. I kept on the pressure. My rifle spitting out death not once did the barrage end till my clip was empty. Less than three seconds I had reloaded my gun and opened fire once more on the enemy. The covenant were known for their tenacity though. For every covie that fell two more seem to take their place. One man tried to duel an elite but only met a fast end as the elite speared him through the heart with his energy sword. Dock took revenge as he fired a lethal round into the elite head. Soon a wall of of dead human and covenant alike rose before us com chatter soon become almost none as more men died under the remorseless onslaught of the covenant. After a while I thought I was fighting what seemed to be a never ending flood of covies. My rifle was hot and heavy in my hands. The constant rattle of the gun soon became nothing more than a dull sound in the back of my mind. My trigger finger ached after firing for so long.

After another clip had gone I reached to my belt to find that all my ammo was depleted. I turned to trudge to the ammo crate that was drop near my position. After restocking on ammo I looked around. The battle had been fought to a standstill, somehow. The covenant only had to push a little more and we would be done for. Right before all seemed lost. The covies stopped pressing. They were still there. Constantly firing on our position. They had stopped advancing though. Soulful think its because they were losing so much for so little. He said " they are losing a lot of men to just kill a few soldiers. No way would they lose to much. All for a canyon out in the middle of nowhere." I was happy to hear this. Mainly because it meant that the covies would quit before we were all dead. Of course now the fight has become a game of wack-o-mole. Firing on enemies who were stupid enough to poke their heads out. Now looking at the sea of bodies that

we had created a silent horror filled my heart. Their were many men among the dead covenant. While we had killed more of the bastards than they had us. The number were still abysmal in the grand scheme. I had only been here a day and already my hope was draining. I was a spartan 4. the toughest of the tough. The fastest of the fast. A team of Spartan's can accomplish what a platoon of men cant. Even then this seemed impossible. We might be sixty strong. Compared to the drop ships I have seen coming on the side of the covenant. We were a minor annoyance at best. Still there was a part of me that wanted to fight on whether it was my training or just my will to survive. Maybe it was the sense of duty and honor of making my life cost dearly to the covies. Whatever it was it made me check my ammo stock. Then trudge to the front line once again.

"This point must not be broken or I will personally feed you to the covies. DO YOU UNDERSTAND!" yelled staff sergeant Rowler. He was as always showing off his very impressive oral skills. Rowler has achieved a bit of notoriety. He is one of the few only people to survive the autumn of dawn explosion. Not only that he preceded to go to the halo ring and stomp covie ass. Managing to save his life and his men lives. His voice is also a trade mark of his. Its a common joke amongst people who have trained under him to say thing like. "we win the war if rowler just yelled at the covies." Rowler was just finishing yelling at a group of troopers who were looking more scared of him than the covenant. I walked over thinking I could glean some tactical insight on how we were doing. Rowler was a brute of a man. Which is why so many people are afraid of him. Everything about him was threatening. His clean shaven face which was marred by three long scars. One puckered his left cheek. Which was a parting gift from the halo rings. If you ask him how he got it. He probably break your neck before he told the story. The other two were left by an elite energy sword. Which now dangled at his belt. He had taken it as a trophy after killing the elite. As the story goes. He had nothing in the middle of a surprise attack. An elite rushed him. The resulting duel left the scar on his face. After killing the elite he took its sword and used it for the rest of the battle. Ever since then he carries it on his belt at all time. "Sir whats our status?" I asked in the most polite tone I could. Rowler looked me over with a quick glance before returning his gaze to a wrist mounted PDA. " Is fucked a status because that what we are." I thought as much but I didnt want to leave on a bad note so I added. "we sure are giving it to them." if the sergeant heard this he made no sign of it. Only grunted as if distracted and strode off to yell at more people.

I decided it be good to look at the line. It looked battered but not broken. If anything it looked stronger than when we first arrived. Pedal and soulful were able to suppress the aliens while dock picked them off. The covenant soon learned to keep their heads down. And the marines were able to set up a barricade of rocks and deployable cover. This formed a decent barrier that kept plasma fire hitting us in the face. I had taken a position up near the front of the line. Were I could easily fire away at enemies that came in range of my assault rifle. This and pedal saw made a deadly combo on its own with a lot of firepower. The fact that we also had marines with automatic firearm just made getting close the barricade a death trip. That wasn't even the cool part. While suppressed they were vulnerable to the deadly sniper fire of soulful BR and docks sniper rifle.

Even though this was enough to make a brute think twice. The covenant kept pouring in. there were breaks like this one were we could rest.

Soon though they would attack again like a flood. It would take all of us just to stem the tide of onrushing covenant and push them back if only for a little reprieve. And soon that reprieve was over. Just like a damn breaking the covenant attacked. I ducked quickly as plasma rained where I was just at a mere second ago. I pressed my body flat against the rock. Hoping to god there would be no wraith in the area.

I'd only fought them in virtual training simulations. Aboard the infinity of course. The fat, squat, snub craft hovering ever slightly off the ground that shot huge explosive balls of plasma. Which could explode with enough force to take out a squad with a single hit. And was hot enough to burn through tank armor. I shuddered to think that just one of those could wipe out our whole position. Luckily it seemed the covies weren't willingly to risk one of their wraiths yet though. More enemies moved to the front of the line. Probably thinking that they can overrun our position with brute numbers and force. In a matter of seconds I had picked my targets and laid into them. My rifle sprang to life in my hands as I pulled the trigger. Multiple bullets rang downrange. Multiple elites and grunts went to take what cover they could. Some got luck. Other didn't as my bullets found their mark. An elite grabbed his gut as the bullet impacted into him blood flowing freely of his wound the second struck him in the head killing him. A grunt tried to catch him as he fell to the ground. Probably out of reflex. Didn't matter anyway for he was my next target. A single burst from my rifle and the grunt soon joined the elite. A second elite moved forward. Bringing his storm rifle to bear but he was only able to fire a few shots before I struck him down. Again I found myself sighting targets and killing them with cold efficiency. The comms channel was lit up. With constant shouts of "there everywhere" "fire just fire" and people constantly yelling enemy position. This only added to the cacophony of gun and plasma fire. Then I heard something that chilled my blood with no thanks to the crisp, cold air. The unmistakable soft whirring of a banshee.

It was more felt than heard as the banshee raked the firing line with plasma. The deadly combination of a fuel rod cannon and a twin linked plasma gun. The later alone was powerful. But throw in a cannon that blew up warthogs without second thought plus the fact it was a aerial vehicle. We didn't have anything that could kill an airship. If it got close we could light it up with bullets. Banshee were fast but not very heavy when it came to armor. Though I doubt the pilot was stupid enough to bring it within our range. Another shockwave shook the ground. More men screamed into their headsets. Then abruptly stopped with only the ominous hiss of static in their place. The worst was the men who weren't killed instantly. Left to mumble into their mic until death took them. Many calls for mom went out into their mic. Many begged god to let them live as life drained for them. Some just bumbled unintelligible gibberish until they died. All we could do was listen to their last words and curse the banshee. Until it got within arms reach of me...

chapter two: designation: gwydion

mission :breakpoint

classification: wild ride.

My position gave me a view of the banshee as it lazily circled. Harassing the line at its own will I decided its time for pay back. I

had climbed up the cliff that was behind us it was ill advised as there was little to shoot from up here. I wasn't interested in shooting anyway. I had acquired a jetpack before my ascent in case I miss my target. Or to control to the target whichever came first. Lets just hope the old spartan saying is true 'spartans never miss'. With that thought I jumped. It was perfect the banshee had swung right under as I fell. My body in free fall. I tried my best to control the decent. It was to rapid though. Soon I found that it hurt to smack into a banshee really hard. Dazed and confused for a few second the pilot must of heard my totally stealthy approach. Because the ship gunned into high gear and took off.

Inertia hit me full in the face as my world was tilted. Whether this was because the banshee had spun or I was just disoriented I didn't know. Either way this was a terrible idea from the get-go. I had to find a way off this thing and fast. Vertigo took on a new meaning as the banshee spun. My head swam as black dots appeared on my vision. Finally gathering my strength. I was able to slide onto the thin wing of the banshee. My head pounded and my ear popped as the air pressure kept changing. I felt blood trickle down my forehead. It must of come from my first impact as I hit the banshee. With all my strength left I dug one hand into the crease of the cockpit. With a mighty pull I lifted the pod open. Inside a jackal was surprised to see me. It blinked at me in what seemed to be pure shock. I reveled the look of the bastard for a few seconds before grabbing the bird looking creature by the throat. Then tossing him free of the cockpit. . The creature made a great howl as he went down. \_Good luck dodging the ground. \_I thought not for long though. The ship tilted violently. Suddenly this all seemed like a very bad idea. I checked the controls. No way could I fly this thing. I only understood half the weird runes and inscriptions on the dash. few were helpful. I couldn't fly with my jet pack it was meant to lift only so far and no way it would last all the way to the ground. Then another great idea filled my head. I looked down at the sea of covenant. All of them were pouring towards our fire line and with my new advantage ( which was higher than ever since during the struggle the jackal actually flown up trying to get me off)

I spied a huge generator in the heart of the horde. Not just any generator. From years of being trained as an engineer I was able to see this was the main generator. Thick cable pulsed to other generator. Like a huge vein pumping blood. The main generator powered most of the thing the covies liked to use. Including but not limited to. Recharging station were they would recharge there deadly weapons and vehicles. Lighting from massive spotlight that turned night to day. Many camp that were located around the gorge were leaders sat comfortable. All their display and tactical gear like radar and virtual maps. This all would shut off. leaving them as blind as bats to pick off. Not only that since it was connected to other generators blowing it up would not only kill all covenant in a 50 to 60 meter radius it would also blow up every generator that it powered. Yes that meant all of them. Meaning a lot of covies would die from the blast and I do mean a lot. They to would blow up thanks to a covie kill switch. It was suppose to keep human getting their technology. Now it was gonna blast them to hell. Using what I knew of covie tech. I angled the ship toward the generator. I had thirty or so seconds till impact. This was it my final breathes were numbered. The generator loomed closer. I hope they would bury me and give me high honor. Though the fact that I was able to save my friends was good enough for me. There it was the generator time seemed to slow. My

thoughts turned to my friends. They were fighting on the line now probable on the brink of losing. I laughed for no reason. Maybe it was irony? People said I wouldn't do much in life and I always hated myself. Because those people had wanted me to. Its the reason I joined. Trying to get respect. Now as the banshee rammed the generator and the blinding light blew me into eternity. Despite this I was ,for once, at peace.

Report from operation breakpoint

for general renson

detailing the brave defense of

the valley where critical supplies

were at including sensitive info

renson read the report brought before him. A smile came to his face to see that they had won. Not only did this save a lot of information that could very well change this war. The data pulled from the prometheans was very important after all. It also put a huge dent in the covenant forces on the planet. Renson was proud of the soldier that had fought on the front line of that battle . He made a note to promote them. If not that at least give them a medal of honor. However he couldn't help but notice one name in particular. He spoke to the man who had brought him the report. "Who is this gwydion?" He asked looking directly to the man who brought the report. The man replied "I believe he was a spartan sir!". Renson thought on this a moment. It seemed that gwydion dropped down dispatched over ninety six covenant soldier and disappeared. It was weird to say the least. "where was gwydion? He wasn't at the assembly of soldier for debriefing." asked renson. The soldier replied in earnest. "His fate is in captain pedals report sir" Renson nodded and searched for the report. He found it in the stack of papers. Before opening it he thought for a second. The report he just read said they won when it seemed a catastrophic explosion followed by more explosion and what seemed complete failure of the covenant comm net. Not only the comm net though covenant base were blown sky high and their ammo soon ran dry. As well as all there tech which seemed to go haywire. the thought passed. A weird thing but renson was glad it happened. He opened and read the report. Then almost dropped it. Gwydion had taken a banshee out of the sky and unable to fly it but determined to do damage. He rammed it into the main covenant generator. Causing a chain reaction. Pedal saw the whole thing.

Which is why all thing went to hell for the covenant. Gwydion had sacrificed himself to save his friends. Renson leaned back in his chair. Taking a deep breath. He had heard of heroic feats but this one was crazy. Non the less he wanted to give him a proper burial. Its the least he deserved. The soldier spoke up "sir there something weird about that report." he said as if nervous. Renson was occupied though with his thought of valor. And the soldier had to repeat himself to get the general to listen. Renson replied "don't matter I want to bury this kid with all the respect we can muster. Twenty one gun sendoff and everything were is his body being kept" renson said. Even with the explosion renson knew the armor would preserve his body. "there the weird thing sir" said the trooper.

"we can't find his body"

End  
file.